Thus ſtain'd and ſpotted with his innocent blood?
Theſe ſpeaking characters were there nothing elſe
To plead againſt ye, would conuict you both.
To Hartford with them, where the Siſes now are kept,
Their liues ſhall anſwer for my ſonnes loſt life.
Cob. As we are innocent, ſo may we ſpeede.
Lee. As I am wrong'd, ſo may the Law proceed.
Enter Rocheſter, Conſtable of S. Albons, with Prieſt, Doll, and the Iriſhman in Harpooles apparrell.
Biſh. What intricate confuſion haue we heere?
Not two houres ſince, we apprehended one
In habit Iriſh, but in ſpeech not ſo;
And now you bring another, that in ſpeech is Iriſh,
But in habit, Engliſh: yea, and more than ſo,
The ſeruant of that hereticke Lord Cobham.
Iriſh. Fait be me no ſeruant of de Lort Cobham,
Me be Mack Chane of Vlſter.
Biſh. Otherwiſe cal'd Harpoole of Kent, go too ſir,
You cannot blinde vs with your broken Iriſh.
Pri. Truſt me Lord Biſhop, whether Iriſh or Engliſh,
Harpoole, or not Harpoole, that I leaue to the triall:
But ſure I am, this man by face and ſpeech,
Is he that murdred yong ſir Richard Lee:
I met him preſently vpon the fact,
And that he ſlew his maſter for that gold,
Thoſe Iewels, and that chaine I tooke from him.
Biſh. Well, our faires do call vs backe to London,
So that we cannot proſecute the cauſe
As we deſire to do, therefore we leaue
The charge with you, to ſee they be conuey'd
To *Hartford* Size: both this counterfet,
And you ſir Iohn of Wrotham, and your wench,
For you are culpable as well as they,
Though not for murther, yet for fellony.
But ſince you are the meanes to bring to light
This graceleſſe murther, we ſhall beare with you

Our Letters to the Iudges of the bench,
To be your friends in what they lawfull may.
Pri. I thanke your Lordſhip.
Enter Gaoler bringing forth Old-caſtle.
Gao. Bring foorth the priſoners, ſee the Court prepar'd
The Iuſtices are comming to the bench:
So, let him ſtand away, and fetch the reſt. *Exe*
Cob. Oh giue me patience to endure this ſcourge,
Thou that art fountaine of that vertuous ſtreame,
And though contempt, falſe witneſſe, and reproch
Hang on theſe iron gyues, to preſſe my life
As low as earth, yet ſtrengthen me with faith,
That I may mount in ſpirit aboue the cloudes.
Enter Gaoler, bringing in La. Cobham & Harpole.
Here come's my Lady, ſorrow tis for her.
Thy wound is greeuous, elſe I ſcoffe at thee.
What and poore *Harpoole*! art thou ith bryars too?
Har. Ifaith my Lord, I am in, get out how I can.
La. Say (gentle Lord) for now we are alone,
And may conferre, ſhall we confeſſe in breefe,
Of whence, and what we are, and ſo preuent
The accuſation is commenc'd againſt vs?
Cob. What will that helpe vs? Being knowne ſweet l
We ſhall for hereſie be put to death,
For ſo they terme the Religion we profeſſe.
No, if we dye let this our comfort bee,
That of the guilt impoſd our ſoules are free.
Har. I, I my Lord, Harpoole is ſo reſolu'd,
I wreake of death the leſſe in that I dye
Not by the ſentence of that enuious Prieſt.
La. Well be it then according as heauen pleaſe.
Enter L. Iudge, Iuſtices, Maior of S. Albons, Lord Powis, Lady, old ſir Richard Lee: the Iudge & Iuſtices take their
Iud. Now M. Maior, what Gentleman is that
You bring with you before vs to the bench?
Mai. The Lord Powis if it like your honour,